

The Historie of

And our indentures tripartite are drawne  
Which being sealed interchangeably,  
(A busines that this night may execute.)  
To morrow coosen Percy you and I  
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth,  
To meet your father and the Scottis power,  
As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.  
My father Glendower is not ready yet,  
Nor shall we need his helpe these foureteene daies,  
Within that space, you may haue drawne together  
Your tenants, friends and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glen. A shorter time shall send me to you Lords,  
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,  
From whome you now must steale and take no leane,  
For there will be a world of water shed,  
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.

Hot. Methinks my moiety North from Burton heere  
In quantity equals not one of yours:  
See, how this riuer comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me from the best of all my land,  
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous scantle out:  
He haue the currant in this place damnd vp,  
And here the smug and siluer Trent shall run,  
In a new channell, faire and euenly,  
It shall not wind with such a deepe indent  
To rob me of so rich a bottome here.

Glen. Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mor. Yea, but marke how he beares his course, & runs me  
vp, with like aduantage on the otherside, gelding the opposed  
continent, as much, as on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,  
And on this Northside, win this cape of land  
And then he runs straight and euen.

Hot. He haue it so, a little charge will do it.

Glen. He not haue it alfred.

Hot. Will not you?

Glen. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say menay?

Henry the Fourth.

Glen. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not vnderstand you then, speak it in Welsh.

Glen. I can speake English Lord, as well as you,  
For I was traind vp in the English Court,  
Where, being but yong, I framed to the Harpe  
Many an English dittie, louely well,  
And gaue the tongue a helpfull ornament:  
A vertue that was neuer seene in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,  
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,  
Then one of these same miter ballet-mongers:  
I had rather heare a brazen cansticke turnd,  
Or a dry wheele grate on the axle-tree,  
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,  
Nothing so much as minling Poetry:  
Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling nag.

Glen. Come you shall haue Trent turnd.

Hot. I doe not care, Ile giue thrice so much land  
To any well deseruing friend:  
But in the way of bargaine, marke yeme:  
Ile cauill on the ninth part of a haire.  
Are the indentures drawne? shall we begone?

Glen. The Moone shines faire, you may away by night:  
Ile haue the writer, and withall,  
Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,  
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,  
So much she doteth on her Mortimer, Exit.

Mor. Fie, coosen Percy, how you crosse my father.

Hot. I cannot chuse, sometime he angers me  
With telling me of the Moldwarp and the Ant,  
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his Prophecies:  
And, of a dragon and a finlesse fish,  
A clip-wingd Griffin, and a moulten Rauens,  
A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat,  
And such a deale of Skimble skamble stuffe,  
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,  
He held me last night, at least, nine houres,  
In reckoning vp the feuerall diuels names,